

like a song of love that clings to me by zach_stone

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Summary:

Eddie relents and meets him halfway in a kiss. He wrinkles his nose at Richie's morning breath, the same way he has for the past fifteen years. Richie's suddenly overwhelmed with emotion, still half-asleep and with his mind on his dream-memory, and he murmurs, "Hey, Eddie, we're getting married today."

Eddie softens, smiling. "Fuck yeah we are. Finally making an honest man out of you, Trashmouth."

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Or, Richie and Eddie get married. A sequel to "I Am Easy To Find."

like a song of love that clings to me

Author's Note:

hello again! i'm so excited to be posting another fic in this 'verse, even though it really hasn't been that long since the first fic ended - i just missed them, ok. i hope you'll enjoy this one!! it's extremely over-the-top sentimental nonsense, because after some of the bts stuff came out the other day i just felt COMPELLED to give richie an emphatically happy life, you know?

IF YOU HAVEN'T READ THE FIRST FIC IN THIS SERIES, please go do that first, or this will probably not make sense.

content warning for some very vague allusions to sex, but otherwise this is just the most saccharine nonsense, bc they deserve it. enjoy!

September 2002

It's been one month since Eddie barged into Richie's bedroom and kissed him, and in a lot of ways, things are the same as they've been — Eddie comes over for dinner and Maggie delights in serving him a good home-cooked meal, and he and Richie meet up to argue about their memory loss theories over coffee or lunch. So much of their dynamic stays exactly the same, and Richie's relieved. He's just gotten used to having Eddie back in his life, and there's so much about having a best friend that he doesn't ever want to lose again.

But then, *some* things are different. Like the fact that whenever they're alone — in Richie's bedroom when he shuts the door, or Eddie's living room if his roommate isn't home, or once, daringly, in an alley on their way back from coffee before Eddie had to go back to work — they're pressing into each other's personal space to kiss like it's the last thing they'll do. He might've been scared to touch Eddie that first time, but now that he's done it once, Richie feels like he'll never get enough. It never lasts very long, because even in private

they're wary, and they know someone could walk in on them at any time, but it's enough to press his mouth to Eddie's, to let his hands trail down Eddie's spine, to feel Eddie's fingers against his jaw or the side of his neck.

And then one weekend, Richie's parents are out of town — Went has a business trip all the way in Seattle, and Maggie tags along, leaving Richie with the house to himself.

"No wild parties," his dad jokes as they leave. "And no girls."

Richie has to bite down on his tongue to keep from laughing. "Scout's honor," he manages, saluting. His dad slaps him on the shoulder and he and Maggie head out the door. Richie listens for the sound of their cab pulling away, and then he just stands there, in the foyer, a tingly sense of anticipation spreading through his limbs. He is alone in the house for the next 72 hours.

He bounds into the kitchen and grabs the phone there, dialing Eddie's number.

Eddie picks up after three rings. "Edward Kaspbrak speaking."

"*Edward*," Richie repeats in a snooty Business Voice. "Mr. *Kaspbrak*, your presence is requested at the Tozier residence for an illicit *rendezvous*."

Eddie lets out the world's most exasperated sigh. "Shut up, Richie, don't call it that," he says. Then, quieter, "So they're gone?"

"Just left," Richie confirms. He's bouncing on the balls of his feet as he talks.

"I'll be there in twenty," Eddie says.

"Pay your driver extra to get here in fifteen," Richie teases.

"Don't think I won't," Eddie says, and hangs up.

Richie grins as the dial tone plays in his ear. Then he hangs up the phone and rushes upstairs to change. He feels the urge to wear something *nice*, which is silly, because Eddie's just coming over to the

house like always. He finds a button-down in his closet that he bought because the pattern reminded him of a bowling alley carpet. It's probably the best he's going to do, so he puts it on and fumbles with the buttons a few times before getting it right. He looks himself over in the bathroom mirror. He thinks, as he combs his fingers through his hair, that he looks happier than he has in a long time. Richie smiles at his reflection, and then gives himself a double thumbs up. God, love has made him stupid.

The word, even just in his mind, makes his heart judder nervously. It's only been a few months, but it's also been *years* and he's loved Eddie all along, whether he knew it or not.

A familiar knock on the front door sends his pulse skipping, and he all but runs down the stairs to fling open the door.

Eddie is standing on the other side, unbearably cute as ever, a backpack slung over one shoulder and a paper grocery bag in his arms. For all that Richie's dressed to impress, Eddie is unusually dressed down — he's wearing a Thundercats T-shirt and jeans. He looks... comfortable. It's nice.

"Hi," Eddie says, smiling at him. "I, um, I thought — well, since we can't go out on a real date, I thought we could make dinner together? Have something nice here?" He hoists the grocery bag a little higher in his arms.

"You want to cook dinner? For me?" Richie says, his voice cracking slightly with sudden emotion.

"*With* you," Eddie corrects, stepping over the threshold and into Richie's space. "You have to help, asshole." He nudges the door shut with his foot and then leans up so his mouth brushes against Richie's, and Richie hums, pleased, before kissing him properly. The grocery bag makes a quiet, crumpled-paper sound from where it's trapped between their chests.

"I can't cook," Richie tells him when they part. "Like, I burn water. It's bad."

Eddie shakes his head. "How were you living on your own in LA for

all those years?”

“Let me introduce you to a wonderful invention called the microwave, Eds,” Richie says. He takes the bag from Eddie’s arms and leads the way into the kitchen, as Eddie sets his backpack on the floor by the door.

“You’re gonna get cancer from nuking all your food like that,” Eddie chides. Richie can feel Eddie’s gaze on him as he sets the bag on the kitchen counter, and turns around to catch his eye just as he finishes very obviously checking Richie out. “You’re wearing a shirt with buttons that *isn’t* Hawaiian print,” Eddie says. He reaches up to fiddle with the collar. “Never thought I’d see the day.”

Richie swallows when Eddie’s fingers deliberately brush the side of his throat. “I’ve diversified my wardrobe since middle school.”

“Yeah,” Eddie says. His eyes flick up to meet Richie’s again, and he grins. “Still a fucking eyesore though, dude, Jesus Christ. This looks like —”

“— a bowling alley, right?” Richie says eagerly. Eddie laughs.

“Yeah! You have horrible taste,” he says.

“With one exception,” Richie says, tapping a finger against Eddie’s arm. He doesn’t miss the way Eddie blushes. “I’m referring to my impeccable taste in ’90s grunge, obviously.”

Eddie thwacks him lightly on the chest, rolling his eyes. “You are so annoying.”

“Yeah, but you *like* it,” Richie leers. Eddie grabs him by the collar and kisses him, which is what Richie was hoping for all along.

Cooking dinner together ends up being way more fun than Richie would’ve imagined. He wasn’t exaggerating when he told Eddie he was no use in the kitchen, but Eddie manages to find shit for him to do anyway, like chopping vegetables and rinsing things, leaving all of the actual stove-handling to someone who doesn’t have a track record of setting things on fire. They end up making some sort of chicken and rice dish with mixed vegetables, which is the most impressive

kitchen feat Richie's ever been minimally involved in.

As they're eating, drinking beer swiped from Richie's dad's stash and holding hands across the table while Eddie complains about his week at work, Richie thinks that this is incredibly domestic, and then he thinks that he'd like to do this with Eddie every fucking day. It settles something in his chest, and when he watches Eddie talk, gesticulating wildly with his fork in one hand and clinging mindlessly to Richie's hand with the other, the thought *I love him* doesn't make him so nervous. It just feels warm and *right*.

After dinner, they do the dishes together, Eddie washing and Richie drying. Something simmers between them; they've never been alone together this long before, not since that first kiss a month ago. There's no one to interrupt them now, no reason to be cautious. Outside, the sun is nearly set. Their fingers brush when Eddie hands Richie a plate, and Richie has to try *very* hard not to drop it.

He reaches out for whatever Eddie's going to hand him next, but he's met with empty air. He looks over, and Eddie's just staring at him, his eyes gone all bright and intense the way they do sometimes.

"Hey," Richie says. He takes a step closer.

"Hey yourself," Eddie says, and then he hooks his arms around Richie's neck and pulls him into a kiss. Eddie's soapy and wet up to his elbows, Richie can feel it when he slides one hand up into Richie's hair, but he really couldn't give less of a shit about that. The kiss is intense immediately, and they're both grabby in a way they haven't allowed themselves to get before. Richie puts his hands up under Eddie's T-shirt, feeling the warm skin of his back, and Eddie gasps, pressing in closer to him.

Richie is backed up against the counter, and behind him he can hear that the sink is still running. Eddie fumbles without breaking their kiss to turn off the water, and the sounds their mouths are making suddenly get a lot louder in the quiet that follows. Richie slots his thigh between Eddie's, and Eddie grinds up against it before they finally, finally pull back, both breathing hard. Eddie's hands fall heavily against Richie's shoulders. Soapy water trails down Richie's neck, under his collar, and he shivers.

Eddie's pupils are dilated, making his eyes impossibly dark when he looks up at Richie. He smiles softly, almost shy. "Can we go up to your room?" he asks quietly.

Richie swallows and nods. "Yeah." He glances over at the sink. There are still a few dishes left to wash. "You sure you're okay with just leaving these here?"

Eddie squints at the dirty dishes for a long moment, and Richie can practically see the internal debate happening behind his eyes. Richie is embarrassingly endeared by it. Eddie nods decisively. "Yeah. Leave them," he says.

So up they go to the bedroom, tripping up the stairs because they keep shoving each other and laughing. Richie is nervous and exhilarated all at once. As soon as they get into Richie's room and shut the door out of habit, they're on each other again. Eddie is kissing Richie's jaw and throat as he works open the buttons of his stupid bowling-alley-carpet shirt, and Richie whimpers when Eddie's hands find his bare chest. It's dim in the room, the only light coming from the last dredges of sunset leaking through Richie's curtains. They stumble to the bed, and Richie turns on his bedside lamp, washing both of them in a muted yellow glow.

Richie shrugs his button-down off his shoulders and helps Eddie remove his T-shirt, and then they both sit there on the bed for a moment, staring at each other. It still feels shaky and new, to be allowed to look shamelessly at a man — at *Eddie*.

Eddie reaches out, touching Richie's shoulder and smoothing his hand along it, down to his bicep. Richie shivers. He leans forward to kiss the corner of Eddie's mouth, and then fully on the lips. Eddie sighs and pulls him in again.

Neither of them have much in the way of experience, but they fumble through it together, and Richie doesn't let himself get too in his head about it — his mind is too focused on Eddie's mouth and hands and the newly revealed bare skin. Afterwards, sweaty and sticky and blissed out, Richie hugs Eddie against his chest and they stay that way for several minutes. Then they get up, dress again, and go downstairs to finish doing the dishes. He keeps catching Eddie

looking at him with a goofy, untempered grin, and Richie can't help but grin back. He's so fucking *happy*, he doesn't know what to do with himself.

That night, they're in Richie's bed together, a little nervous despite everything, and Richie stares at his ceiling for several minutes before he works up the courage to reach over and touch Eddie's wrist to get his attention.

"Hey, Eds," he whispers. "You awake?"

"Yeah," Eddie whispers back. They don't really need to be quiet, they're the only ones in the house, but it feels like the proper way to have this conversation. Richie has a vague, headachey pulse of a memory, of lying on the floor of someone's bedroom, he and Eddie in separate sleeping bags but pushed so close they were practically nose-to-nose, whispering in the middle of the night.

"You wanna know something?" Richie says softly. He doesn't look over at Eddie. Some things are easier to say in the quiet and the dark. "When we were kids, I was... I didn't just have a crush on you. I was in love with you."

Eddie doesn't say anything, but he fumbles to take Richie's hand under the covers.

"And, um. I think — I still am. Which is probably weird since it's only been a couple months, but. I thought you should know."

He stares up at the dark ceiling and then Eddie whispers, "Me too."

Richie finally moves to face him, shifting under the covers to roll onto his side. He can't really see Eddie's expression in the dark like this, but he can make out his profile. "Which part?" he asks.

"All of it." Eddie turns his head to meet Richie's gaze. Their noses brush. "I — I love you."

Richie's throat tightens with the sudden threat of tears. He doesn't think anyone's ever said that to him besides his parents. And then a faint memory tells him no, his other friends, the ones he can't remember yet; they'd all loved him. But it's not the same, it's not —

this. “I love you, too,” he says, and Eddie laughs, quiet and relieved. Richie curls closer into him.

“When did you know? Or remember, I guess,” Richie asks after a few moments.

“You remember a few months ago, when you slept through our lunch plans?”

Richie winces. “Yeah. What, me being a dipshit clued you in? You shoulda known from day one.”

“Will you shut up and listen?” Eddie says, poking him in the ribs. “When I came over to your house that day, you said — you said even if you didn’t remember me fully, you *knew* me. And that was it. It just clicked back into place.”

Richie remembers how Eddie had looked at him then, and he hides a smile against Eddie’s shoulder. “That’s really fucking funny, because the reason I missed lunch is because I remembered *my* feelings the night before and flipped out about it.”

“Wow,” Eddie says. “We’re really dumb.”

“We are,” Richie agrees. “But we got it figured out eventually, because we’re also geniuses.” Eddie laughs again, and Richie seals the sound away in his heart to keep forever, because he thinks it might just be his favorite thing. He keeps his face pressed against Eddie’s shoulder, and breathes in the sleep-soft smell of Eddie’s skin.

August 2017

Richie wakes up from a half-memory, half-dream, and for once all he feels is a warm contentment — no nightmares this time. He yawns, bleary-eyed, and things come into focus slowly: thick, cushy blankets against his bare skin, and the clean smell of hotel bedding where his face is against the pillow. To his left, Eddie is sitting up in bed, the blankets bunched around his waist. He’s frowning down at his phone, and Richie can see the glint of Eddie’s engagement ring on his finger. It makes him smile sleepily. He scoots over so he can wriggle into

Eddie's space, resting his cheek on Eddie's stomach.

Eddie glances down at him, his expression momentarily relaxing. "Morning."

"Mm, good morning," Richie says. He kisses the skin next to Eddie's belly button. "Whatcha up to?"

"Checking the weather," Eddie says, the frown slotting back into place.

"Doesn't that take, like, five seconds?" Richie asks.

Eddie purses his lips. "Maybe if you just use the built-in app, but I don't trust that shit, so I'm checking a few different websites." He starts tapping at his phone again, and Richie reaches up to cover Eddie's hand with his own. Eddie huffs, looking down at him.

"Eds, relax," Richie says. "The weather will be fine. It's all good."

"I know, I just —" Eddie shakes his head and sets his phone down on the bedspread next to him. "We've waited so long for this. I want it to be perfect."

"With you, baby, it's always gonna be perfect," Richie coos, stretching up until Eddie relents and bends to meet him halfway in a kiss. Eddie wrinkles his nose at Richie's morning breath, the same way he has for the past fifteen years. Richie's suddenly overwhelmed with emotion, still half-asleep and with his mind on his dream-memory, and he murmurs, "Hey, Eddie, we're getting married today."

Eddie softens, smiling. "Fuck yeah we are. Finally making an honest man out of you, Trashmouth."

"About time, too," Richie says.

Planning the wedding ended up being a lot of potential chaos that got resolved in unexpected ways. The officiant, for example — they'd both been out of sorts trying to decide who to ask, or where to get recommendations, and then Richie had been complaining to Paul about it one night at work during a commercial break and Paul had said, casual as ever, "You know, I got ordained online. I can legally

marry people.”

Richie blinked at him for a few seconds. “Are you... are you saying you’d be willing to officiate our wedding?”

“Sure. If you want me to,” Paul said, side-eyeing him. “I mean, it’s your day, pick who you wanna pick, but I’m happy to be a part of it. You’re my bro.”

Richie had choked out an emotional laugh. “You’re my bro too, man. Fuck. I’ll talk to Eddie about it, but — yeah, I’d really love that.”

And just like that, it’d been sorted. The location, too — Ben knew someone who owned a garden venue in upstate New York, and even got them the friends-and-family discount to book it. Beverly offered to design their suits. The day came quicker than either of them expected, but they picked the date very intentionally: the anniversary of that day in August 2002 when Eddie kissed him for the first time. The rest of the Losers had varying reactions when they told them: Ben, of course, thought it was wildly romantic, while Bill and Stan both responded with some variation of “you two are gross.” Mike and Bev seemed more amused than anything.

Richie coerces Eddie into spending another half hour in bed, lazily making out and jerking each other off, and then Eddie bustles them both into the shower and goes into full Wedding Stress Mode, pacing around their hotel room and shoving various things into the large duffle bag he’s bringing to the venue. The wedding’s not until sunset, and they don’t need to be at the venue until a couple hours before, but Eddie finds ways to stress throughout the morning and early afternoon — calling the caterers and Beverly and Paul to quadruple check everything, pulling up the link to the wedding playlist on Spotify so he can fuss with the song order one last time — and Richie does what he can to keep Eddie calm, buying him fancy coffee for breakfast and combing his fingers through Eddie’s hair while he rants on the phone to Bill about whether or not he brought enough battery packs for the fairy lights.

They get to the venue before the rest of the wedding party, and Eddie

wants to check on the spot where the ceremony is taking place one more time, so he and Richie walk hand-in-hand through the garden until they get to the gazebo, the lattice entwined with ivy. It's incredibly picturesque.

Eddie sighs dramatically. "I can't *believe* you're making me get married in a fucking gazebo. Our own wedding and you still find a way to subtly mock me."

"Aw, Eds," Richie says, slinging his arm around Eddie's shoulders and tugging him in close. "You know I only mock you out of love. Think of this gazebo as a representation of how badass you were in middle school. You might not have known words, but you were still *very* cool and I was very into you."

"I knew *words*, you fuckhead," Eddie exclaims. He makes no move to get out from under Richie's arm, instead tucking his arm around Richie's waist and curling in even closer. He looks at the gazebo for a few more seconds before saying, begrudgingly, "It is pretty though."

"So pretty," Richie says, kissing the top of Eddie's head. "Our photos are gonna be out of a goddamn fairytale, Eddie baby."

"The *photographer*," Eddie hisses, smacking his forehead. "I *knew* there was someone I forgot to call earlier. Maybe I should —"

"I'll just text her, Eddie, it's fine," Richie says firmly. Eddie squints up at him, and Richie pokes him gently in the forehead, right in the middle of his stress lines. "Relax, Kaspbrak. It's all gonna be great. I promise."

Eddie sighs, relenting. "We should probably head back to get ready anyway, the others should be getting here soon."

They walk back to the main building with Richie's arm still around Eddie's shoulders, and Eddie's around Richie's waist. Richie kisses Eddie on the temple as they walk and murmurs, "Kaspbrak-Tozier... our names sure sound nice together."

Eddie hums, pleased. "They really do. You know —" he breaks off, laughing. Then, slightly chagrined, he says, "You know, when I was

like, twelve, I wrote *Eddie Tozier* in a notebook a bunch of times. I filled up a whole page.”

“Aw, what, really?” Richie says, blushing a little despite himself. Even after all these years, he sometimes reverts back to childhood embarrassment whenever he thinks about the fact that Eddie was secretly pining after him, too.

“Yeah. I don’t even think I really put it together how much I liked you at that point. I just stared at the paper and I almost had a panic attack, so I ripped it out and flushed it down the toilet. Pretty sure it backed up our plumbing.”

Richie snorts. “If it makes you feel any better, I wrote *Richie Kaspbrak* in my journal all the fucking time. I think I buried it under the porch right before we moved.” He rattles Eddie a little, squeezing him close to his side. “And look at us now, eh?”

Eddie stops walking, shifting so he can cup Richie’s face in his hands. “Look at us now,” he agrees, kissing him. Richie feels dizzy with it — how much he loves this man in front of him, how after everything they’ve gone through they’re standing here, in this garden where they’re going to be married in a couple hours. When they pull back, Eddie smiles up at him, and Richie traces the scar on his cheek with one finger.

“Love ya, spaghetti man,” he murmurs.

Eddie rolls his eyes, fond. “Yeah, I love you too, dummy.”

When they get back to the main building, Beverly and Ben have arrived, and Mike, Bill, Stan, and Patty show up shortly after, and they’re all already dressed in their wedding clothes. After a good ten minutes are spent hugging and yelling excited greetings at each other, the group splits up into the two wedding parties so Eddie and Richie can get dressed.

Neither of them really cared about following all of the standard wedding traditions, but they have an even number of friends for it, so divvying them up into two parties just sort of worked out. Richie got Stan (his best man), Patty, and Mike, while Eddie got Bill (*his* best

man), Beverly, and Ben. Ostensibly, Richie's entourage is supposed to be helping him get ready, but instead Patty, Stan, and Mike just sit around in Richie's dressing room chatting while he unzips the hanging plastic bag that holds his tux.

It had been Bev's idea, that Richie and Eddie didn't see each other in their wedding suits until they were standing at the altar, and there was something sort of thrilling about the surprise, so they'd both agreed. Richie knows what Eddie's tux looks like — deep blue, with a white shirt and a black bowtie — but he's never seen him wear it. Richie's own tux is a wine-red color with black lapels, a black shirt and bowtie underneath. It's maybe the most well-fitted suit he's ever owned.

Stan wolf-whistles when Richie shucks off his jeans and T-shirt, so Richie throws a sock at his face. He puts on the shirt first, carefully doing up the little red buttons. He's yanking on his pants when Patty stands up, her eyes on her phone.

"My mom's here with Owen," she tells Stan.

"The Stanlet is here?" Richie exclaims, nearly tripping as he wiggles the rest of the way into his pants. "Bring him in! Wait, we should bring him to Eddie's room, Ben will murder us all if he doesn't get to see the baby."

"Okay, I'll go get him and meet you at Eddie's," Patty says. "Now tuck in your shirt, you animal." She pats Richie on the cheek and then leaves the room to retrieve her son.

Richie does as she says and then, shoeless, leads the way down the hall to Eddie's dressing room, Stan and Mike trailing close behind. Richie raps his knuckles on the closed door.

"Yeah?" Eddie calls. Richie opens the door to reveal Eddie standing in the middle of the room in a white dress shirt and his boxer briefs, one sock on his foot. Bev is standing next to him, his tux jacket folded over her arm. Eddie turns around, looking mildly annoyed, and then sees Richie and yelps, slapping a hand over his eyes. "What are you doing in here? We're not supposed to see each other!"

“Relax, I’m not even all the way dressed. It doesn’t count yet.” Richie steps into the room, grinning at Ben and Bill, who are sitting in the corner and offering no help whatsoever. “Anyway, thought you’d all want to know that Baby Uris has arrived.”

“Wait, I don’t even have pants on!” Eddie gripes. Patty enters the room at that moment, cradling her one-month-old in her arms, and Eddie softens slightly. Richie comes over to stand next to Eddie as everyone forms a little semicircle around baby Owen, cooing over him. It’s not the first time any of them have seen him, but he’s still the first baby of their friend group, so everyone kind of loses their minds over him every time.

“Still blows my fucking mind that Stan the Man’s a *dad* now,” Richie says quietly, resting his hand on Eddie’s lower back. “Like, I watched this kid fling himself off a cliff in his underwear and now he has an infant.”

“If any of us was responsible enough to be a dad, it’s always been Stan,” Eddie replies. “Also, you’re not allowed to hold Owen when you’re wearing your wedding shirt. If he spits up on you I’ll murder you.”

“*Fine*, I’ll hold him later, spoilsport,” Richie says. He reaches down to goose Eddie’s butt, and Eddie gives him a scandalized look. “What! How am I supposed to resist when you’ve got your whole ass out?”

“I do not have my *whole ass out*,” Eddie hisses. “I don’t see why you had to congregate all of our friends in here when I’m in my fucking underwear.”

“Nothing we haven’t seen before, Eddie,” Stan reminds him.

“Actually, we’ve seen worse,” Patty adds.

“Wait, what?” Bill asks, looking delighted.

“Nope! Stories for another time! Or never,” Eddie says quickly. He flaps his hands at all of them. “Everyone who isn’t in my party, get out.” He leans in to give Patty a quick kiss on the cheek, and presses his lips briefly to the top of Owen’s head, and then ushers them all

out of the room. Richie leaves last, casting a mournful look at Eddie's bare thighs. It really is the worst form of torture, seeing Eddie half-dressed and not being able to do anything about it.

"Go," Eddie insists, swatting at his chest. "I'll see you out there, Tozier."

"That's Kaspbrak-Tozier to you," Richie says. "Or it will be soon."

"Go," Eddie says again, laughing, but then he grabs Richie by the collar and pulls him in for a hard, brief kiss before shoving him out of the room. Richie chuckles, closing the door behind him.

He heads back to his room and finishes getting dressed, shrugging into the tux jacket and fussing with the sleeves while he looks at himself in the mirror. He's combed his hair and he's freshly shaven, and with the tux on he looks — well. Better than he can remember looking in a long fucking time.

Stan comes up to pin the white rose boutonniere to Richie's lapel. "How you holding up, Rich?" he asks, straightening the flower and then stepping back.

"Good. A little antsy. I feel like I've been waiting for this day for like... twenty-eight years." Richie laughs nervously, swiping a hand through his hair. "How do I look?"

"Hot," Stan says, deadpan, and Richie bursts out laughing.

"Fuck off," he says good-naturedly. He spins around to face Patty and Mike. "Well? Thoughts?"

"Damn, Richie," Mike says appreciatively. "You clean up nice."

"Not too late to confess your undying love and run away with me," Richie teases.

"I think I'm good," Mike says, chuckling. "Eddie's one lucky guy, though."

"If anyone's lucky here, it's me," Richie says, shaking his head. "I still can't believe..." He pauses, blowing a raspberry and trying to stop

himself from getting teary-eyed. “This is just nuts, that this is actually happening, and that you guys are here, and — ugh, fuck, I can’t cry yet, I’ll use up all my tears before we even get out there.”

Patty stands up and gives him a hug, and Mike and Stan follow suit. Richie laughs, allowing himself to sag into their collective embrace for a moment before he straightens again, clearing his throat. They pull away, and Patty fixes his jacket for him.

“You deserve this,” she tells him firmly. “You and Eddie both. And we all love you very much.”

“Thanks, Pat,” Richie says, giving up entirely on not sounding like a wobbly, emotional mess.

Not long after, the rest of the guests start to arrive. It’s a pretty small crowd — Richie and Eddie don’t have a ton of friends outside the Losers, but they’ve got Richie’s family and some cousins on Eddie’s dad’s side, a few of Eddie’s coworkers and some radio people Richie’s known for a long time. They also invited John Mulaney and his wife, who both couldn’t make it but sent over a very nice floral arrangement. It’s currently sitting in Richie’s dressing room, and when Mike comments on it, Richie says, “Oh yeah, that’s from John and Anna.”

“Who?” Mike says.

“Mulaney,” Richie says, and Mike’s eyes bug out of his skull.

“You invited *John Mulaney* to your wedding?! Is he *here*?”

Richie snorts. “No, hence the flowers. Why do you sound so shocked? I’m big time now, baby, I did a half hour on Comedy Central like two months ago.”

“Every time you bring that up, I swear I can see your ego inflating your forehead,” Stan says, flicking him between the eyebrows.

Richie clucks his tongue in disapproval. “You have to be nice to me, Stanley, it’s my wedding day,” he insists.

“I’m being very nice,” Stan says. “Notice how I’m distracting you

from being nervous right now? That's nice."

The last twenty or so minutes before the ceremony pass in a blur; Paul comes in to talk to Richie about the vows one more time, and Richie's mom stops by to hug him tightly and kiss both his cheeks, before heading to Eddie's room to presumably do the same thing. Richie is starting to get sweaty, nervous energy making him pace around his dressing room. He just wants it to be *happening* already, he wants to be standing across from Eddie in the stupid picturesque gazebo and marrying him.

And then, all of a sudden, it's time. He follows Stan, Patty, and Mike out to the garden again, where the sunset is bathing everything in a warm golden glow. The sixty or so guests are all seated facing the gazebo and Paul is standing by the little podium already. Coming from the other direction toward the gazebo, Richie sees Bill, with Bev and Ben behind him, Eddie obscured from his view. A soft, string-heavy instrumental is playing, but Richie barely processes it. His heart is pounding. Then the wedding party is stepping up onto the gazebo so that Richie and Eddie can finally see each other.

Eddie is a fucking *vision* — the end of his jacket falls a little lower on his hips than Richie's does, and it fits him perfectly, hugging his waist. Richie barely processes the tux, though, because he's distracted by Eddie's face. Eddie is *beaming* at him, an unabashed, megawatt grin, and Richie smiles back so widely his cheeks hurt. By the time they meet in the middle, Richie is already feeling teary again, and he grasps Eddie's hands as they come to a stop in front of the podium.

"Hi," he whispers.

Eddie's eyes are shining, and he squeezes Richie's hands tightly. "Hi."

Paul starts talking, a pretty standard "dearly beloved, we are gathered here today" speech, and Richie doesn't hear a word of it. He can't tear his eyes away from Eddie's, and he thinks not for the first time in his life that he'd happily spend forever just *looking* at Eddie, openly and unashamed. He's so beautiful, and Richie loves him so entirely, his heart could burst.

"Alright, fellas. Time for the vows," Paul says, and Richie blinks a

couple times and looks at him for a moment, before looking back to Eddie. “Eddie, would you like to go first?” Paul asks.

“Oh. Yeah, sure.” Eddie clears his throat. He snuffles. Then, taking a deep breath, he says, “Okay, so, um, when we were fourteen I told you in a letter that you were my favorite person, and it took you a really long time to read that but — but it was true that whole time, and it’s truer now than ever.” He laughs, and it’s a little wobbly, but it’s bright and genuine all the same. “You *know* me, like, deep down in my soul, and you’re the only person who could know me like that and have it not scare the shit out of me,” he continues. “I’m scared of a lot of things, all the time, but when you’re around I don’t feel scared. I want to do that for you, too, I hope I do — when we’re together, we’re braver, and that’s fucking amazing, Richie. You make me feel like I could face anything. I’d kill a hundred evil alien clowns for you, I mean it.”

Richie chuckles, and he hears the other Losers snickering too. Eddie smiles at him, still emotional but clearly also pleased to have made Richie laugh.

Paul says, slightly confused, “Okay, well that was some... colorful use of metaphor there. Richie?”

Richie takes a moment. He knows what he’s going to say, he’s been rehearsing it for weeks, he just wants to hold onto this moment, for a few seconds longer. He nods, smiling. “You know, everyone says that your wedding is the happiest day of your life, and they’re not wrong, I’m so fucking happy right now, but Eddie — with you, I’m this happy every day.” He leans in a little closer. “And I mean that literally, Eds, every *single* day. We’ve gone through... a lot together, you know, coming out and losing parents and a lot of tragic, scary bullshit that no one should have to go through, but at the end of the day, at the core of it all? I was with you, so I’m happy. And I hope I can make every day feel like today for you, like the happiest day of your life, because that’s what you do for me.”

Eddie snuffles again and nods, mouthing *you do*. God, Richie wants to be kissing him already.

Thankfully, Paul asks Stan and Bill for the rings then, and says, “Do

you, Edward Kaspbrak, take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband, in sickness and in health, for better or worse, in good times and hardship, now and forever?”

Eddie slides the ring onto Richie’s finger, and the metal is cool against his skin. Eddie squeezes Richie’s fingers, bottom lip visibly trembling when he says, “I do.”

“And do you, Richard Tozier, take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband, in sickness and in health, for better or worse, in good times and hardship, now and forever?”

Richie puts the wedding ring on Eddie’s finger, where it rests just above his engagement ring. “I really, *really* do,” he says, and Eddie laughs wetly.

Paul claps his hands together once. “Well then, by the power vested in me by the church website I found, I now pronounce you married. You can kiss him now, Rich.”

Richie is already taking Eddie’s face in his hands and kissing him deeply, while their families and friends applaud. Eddie’s hands move from his waist to his shoulders, and Richie pulls back to kiss him on the nose, the forehead.

“I love you,” Richie whispers.

“And I fucking love you,” Eddie replies.

They’re bustled off to get photos taken before the sun sets completely, while the rest of the guests head over to the large canopy tent with twinkling lights, a buffet table, and a dance floor. Richie’s mom sidles up to him and hooks her arm around his waist, and he gives her a sideways hug.

“Well, you’ve got two sons now, mom,” Richie says. “How’s it feel?”

“Oh, you know Eddie’s been family for a long time,” Maggie says.

Eddie looks like he’s about to bawl. “Thanks, Maggie,” he says

thickly. She moves to kiss him on the cheek, while Richie keeps a tight, comforting grip on Eddie's hand.

After, at the reception, Richie and Eddie stay in constant physical contact — Richie's hand on Eddie's knee, or Eddie brushing his fingers idly up and down the inside of Richie's arm near his elbow. Richie's had access to these kinds of touches from Eddie for a decade and a half now, but something about it feels new, tonight. Maybe it's the way Eddie's ring finger feels, weighted with two rings, as it presses against Richie's hand. Maybe it's just the champagne and the fairy lights that make everything softer, dreamlike. Whatever it is, Richie thinks he's about five seconds from melting into a puddle of sentimental goo.

The best man speeches only make it worse. Bill goes first, standing up from his spot at the long table for the wedding party and looking over at Richie and Eddie with a fond smile. "So, I want to talk to you all about soulmates," he starts, and the Losers all groan good-naturedly. "Shut up, I'm a writer! Let me have this!" he laughs.

"You write horror!" Eddie says, and everyone chuckles.

"Let me do my speech!" Bill insists, and everyone settles down, still smiling. "I don't know if soulmates are real, but I think if they *are* real for anyone, it's Richie and Eddie," Bill says. "Eddie's my oldest friend, and for a little while we were each other's *only* friend. And then one day we met Richie, and — I've never seen anything like it. They were inseparable, instantly, always yelling everything because they were both just so excited to be talking to each other, to hear and be heard. I don't think six-year-old me really understood it, but I knew that Eddie lit up like a Christmas tree whenever Richie was around."

Bill grins at them, and Richie watches Eddie's expression go soft and vulnerable. He brings Eddie's hand to his lips, kissing the back of it.

Bill continues, "So — so what I'm saying is, some people are just made to be with each other, because they understand each other in a very fundamental way, and that's Rich and Eddie for you. I love you both so much."

When Bill sits down, Eddie leans over to hug him, murmuring something in his ear. Bill rubs Eddie's back, and they're both teary when they pull away. God, Richie's surrounded by absolute saps. He loves it.

Stan's next, and Richie shifts to look at him when he stands. Stan raises his eyebrows at Richie, a smile hiding in the corners of his mouth. "I've been waiting for two years to make this speech — and, in a lot of ways, I've also been waiting a few decades," he says. "When Richie and I were kids, we lived in a town where... well, kids like Richie and Eddie had an especially tough time." He pauses, reaching over to briefly squeeze Richie's shoulder. Then, smiling wryly, he says, "But that never stopped Rich from pinching Eddie's cheek and calling him cute every chance he got. We didn't see each other for a really long time, and when we met up again, I saw, like, *immediately* that the way Richie was around Eddie hadn't changed one bit. It's honestly impressive."

He turns so he's speaking directly to Richie and Eddie now. "It is *exhausting* to be around you two, but only because you just have constant energy for each other. You never get tired of each other. And what you two have, what it took to get you here, it's a hell of a lot rarer than most of the people here will ever know. And as someone who *does* know exactly what it took, I just want to say: you two deserve this. You've more than fucking earned it. And for all the shit I give you, I'm glad I got to be along for the ride."

Richie's been doing a great job of not bawling his eyes out so far, but that pushes him over the edge, and he feels a couple tears trickle down his cheeks as Stan sits down. Richie punches him lightly on the arm. "You fucker," he snuffles. "You're the worst, that was so mean."

"I love you, dipshit," Stan says.

"Ugh," Richie says, mopping at his eyes with his sleeve and gripping Stan in a brief, tight hug. "I love you too, you absolute monster. Thank you."

Their friends helped a lot with the planning of the wedding,

including plenty of input for the playlist, but Richie was insistent that they keep their first dance song a secret. He picked it out very intentionally, and it took some convincing to get Eddie to go along with it, but they're both excited about it now — when Paul (who's doubling as DJ for the night) announces them “for the first time as Mr. and Mr. Kaspbrak-Tozier” and they walk out onto the dance floor, Richie settles his hands on Eddie's waist while Eddie hooks his arms around Richie's neck, both of them grinning in anticipation.

A bouncy, romantic piano tune starts, and then Nat King Cole croons, “*Unforgettable, that's what you are...*” and Richie hears Stan snort out a laugh. Soon all of the Losers and Patty are stifling laughter, while the rest of the guests look baffled by the wedding party's reaction to the whole thing. Richie presses his forehead against Eddie's, smiling smugly.

“Told you it'd be funny,” he murmurs as they sway in a circle.

“Occasionally, you're right,” Eddie says.

“Speaking of that,” Richie says, grinning even wider. “I can't believe you admitted Pennywise was an alien in your vows.”

“It's not *admitting* anything if it's just the truth,” Eddie says, rolling his eyes.

“Still,” Richie insists. “Best wedding gift you could give me, saying I'm right.”

The song continues, “*Unforgettable in every way, and forevermore that's how you'll stay,*” and for all that Richie picked the song as an inside joke, the lyrics strike him now in their truth — he gets to have this, now and forever.

“Y'know, the song's right,” Eddie says, like he's reading Richie's mind. “We didn't remember each other for a bit, but we never really forgot, huh? Deep down.” He moves one hand up to cup the side of Richie's face, and his doe eyes are warm and full of tenderness when he says, “I've loved you my whole life.”

Richie doesn't think it was *ever* possible for him to forget how to love

Eddie, alien clown curse or no. He shifts so he can rest his cheek against Eddie's, closing his eyes and breathing in the smell of Eddie's skin and his familiar aftershave. As the song swells to its conclusion, Richie moves his hands up Eddie's back and murmurs, "I'm gonna dip you."

"Richie —" Eddie starts to protest. Richie dips him, bending low as the music twinkles and fades. As it ends, he leans in and kisses Eddie deeply, and Eddie stops protesting immediately to kiss him back, clinging to his shoulder and the side of his neck.

It hits Richie in constant waves, the knowledge that all of this was so close to being lost just a year ago, in the dark, dank horror that hid beneath Derry. He almost lost his friends — his *family* — and he almost lost Eddie, who's been the keeper of his heart from the first time he laid eyes on him. It's what shakes him awake with nightmares most nights, but right now it just makes him hold onto Eddie a little tighter. As the rest of the Losers (Stan and Patty bouncing Owen between them) join them and Richie watches Eddie lose his mind over "99 Luftballons" just like when they were kids, he's filled with an intense gratitude that this life is his. It's a kind of happiness he's never quite known what to do with, one he still sometimes wonders if he deserves.

Today, sweeping Eddie up into his arms and spinning his husband around on the dance floor, he feels like he does.

Author's Note:

THEY'RE IN LOVE, UR HONOR!!

richie's tux is [alex gaskarth's wedding tux](#), and eddie's tux is based on [this one](#).

[here's a playlist](#) i made for a sampling of their wedding songs.

fic title is from "unforgettable" by nat king cole, specifically the duet version with natalie cole.

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